THE GOBLIN'S PONYGIRL

11 PONY EXPRESS

Vanessa Cardui

The Goblin's Ponygirl
11: Pony Express
By Vanessa Cardui
Copyright 2024 Vanessa Cardui
Kindle Edition

OceanofPDF.com

Table of Contents

Pony Express
Other titles by Vanessa Cardui

OceanofPDF.com

Pony Express

An electric shock stung Gail's butt. A shudder ran through her body, and she tried to get away, but it was hard to move stumping along on her elbows and knees, with her arms and legs bandaged up so that she couldn't even use her hands, while hauling around the extra weight of her swollen belly the whole time. She was so, so sore and tired, but when the nurse jabbed the zappy stick toward her again, Gail managed to scurry a few feet forward.

It almost would have been better if the nurse was laughing at her. Instead, she was silent, any expression hidden behind the gauze mask that covered her whole face, completing the effect of the sexy nurse halloween costume she wore. She wasn't even a real nurse. Creepy asshole.

Gail had no idea how much further she had to go. Tiled corridors stretched out endlessly around her. Apparently this place had once been an asylum, and it looked like the set of a horror film, but it was currently a veterinary clinic for humans, run by the goblin Dr. Twim.

Gail had been to the clinic once before, back when she'd first started dating her girlfriend Jisi. Gail had hardly had any experience with goblins back then, and Jisi hadn't had much more with humans, and she'd wanted to get Gail checked out before she did… various things to her. The clinic had been creepy that time too. There'd been all sorts of tests, including jeweled spiders that had bitten Gail when she got too turned on, but Jisi had been with her the whole time, and Jisi had a way of making the most out-there things fun.

But Jisi wasn't there now.

The nurse must have thought that Gail had slowed down too much, because she shocked her again. Right on the sole of her foot. That was the worst. Gail wobbled for several seconds before she got her balance back. At least she had kneepads and elbow pads bound into her wrappings, so she wasn't actually getting bruised up on the hard tile floors. Even so, Gail was tempted to give up, to let herself fall over and lie there and not move no matter how much the nurse shocked her. If she hadn't trained with Jisi as much as she had, Gail might have done it, too.

But she had trained with Jisi quite a bit, running with Jisi on her shoulders, so she'd learned that when you were pushed like that, you just did it, as best as you could and as long as you could, and when you couldn't

go any more, you'd know it. She hadn't really picked that up when she used to run on her own—when she'd pushed herself, she'd get about as far as she could, and then she'd stop and call it a day. With Jisi, she'd learned that not being able to go meant actually not being able to go, and she'd also learned that pushing that hard actually felt kind of good when she did it.

When she did it, or when Jisi did. Not when that so-called nurse did it.

It also wasn't funny when the nurse decided to teach Gail to sit up and beg for a drink—up on her knees, waving her elbows as pitiably as possible. The nurse didn't even explain what she wanted, just kept zapping Gail with the stick until she got it right.

Also, Gail needed to pee a lot more often than she usually did, with the weight of the troll jizz she'd been filled with pressing down on her bladder. So the nurse would take her out to one of the asylum's courtyards, and Gail had to pee on the grass without being let out of the bindings, which was kind of messy, and then she got cleaned off with a garden hose, which was cold.

Being left at the clinic without Jisi wasn't fun. But… it wasn't exactly not fun, either. Crawling exercised muscles that she didn't usually exercise. That was hard and it hurt, but there was a genuine sense of accomplishment when she managed to scurry away quickly enough that the nurse had to pick up her pace to keep up. The whole thing was right on the edge between scary and exciting, like a lot of the stuff that Jisi made her do wound up being, and there was going to be a video and Jisi was going to see how Gail was doing, and she was absolutely going to be impressed about it.

Which was a thing about Jisi—she would make fun of Gail a lot, but she'd also be awestruck by her whenever she did something new and difficult, and there weren't that many people who Gail had met who were willing to be that impressed by her shaving a few seconds off her best time in the 200 meter, or… well, or taking a troll's cock and then carrying the troll's come around while crawling faster than she would've thought possible when she was tied up in a way to make crawling harder than it needed to be.

Eventually, though, just like when she was training with Jisi, Gail hit a point when she actually couldn't go anymore. Maybe there was a cracked tile in one of those endless corridors—whatever it was, something made Gail stumble and then fall, curling her bound limbs instinctively around her stomach. The nurse shocked her on the inside of her thigh, and she flinched

and tried to push herself up onto her knees, and it just wasn't happening. Not when the nurse shocked the sole of her foot, or her asshole where it was stretched out around the butt-plug holding her tail in place. All she did was lie there and twitch feebly. It hurt, and at the same time, it was a hell of a relief.

Fun was fun, but she was beyond tired; the nurse had to wait for like half an hour before she could get Gail to wobble over to the extremely unsafe-looking freight elevator and take her down to the basement. Where Gail got to see how she, and the rest of Dr. Twim's resident patients, would spend their nights.

There was a tile floor and drains, and those were more or less clean, even if they looked about a hundred years old, and the piping that they'd used to make the stalls wasn't even rusted. But there was a pretty strong smell of sweat and sex, and people in general. There were six women there, all with nose rings and ear tags and not much else in the way of clothing. Two of them had their arms and legs wrapped up the same as Gail's, and all but one of them had tails in their butts, but aside from that they were all naked, and fastened to the bars in front of them by little chains that clipped on to their nose rings.

The nurse led Gail to a stall next to a tall woman with thick brown hair, and clipped her nose ring to the bar in front of them. The chain was long enough that Gail could lie down, so she did, collapsing onto the cool tiles of the floor with a huff. She'd worked a lot harder than she'd expected to work, and now she was tired and winded and muscles that she didn't even know that she had were complaining about what she'd put them through.

And the bars between the stalls were more of a visual marking-off of boundaries than an actual barrier. One ran around the stall horizontally about the height of Gail's head when she was on her elbows and knees, and there was another one about halfway between that and the floor, and that was it. So when Gail lay down, there wasn't anything stopping the woman in the next stall over from scooting over next to her and cuddling up close.

Gail hadn't expected that. Before she'd started dating Jisi, she hadn't often been that close to people she didn't know, let alone to naked people she didn't know. Let alone tall, pretty naked women who had nose rings with a chain holding them in place, and tags in their ears that said who owned them and whether or not they were allowed to have orgasms, and who'd just grabbed Gail and pulled her close, and there wasn't anything that

Gail could do about it, because her hands and legs were bound up and even getting back up to crawling would have too much effort right then.

It was nice. The woman's breasts were squished into Gail's back, her legs up against the back of Gail's thighs, her arm around Gail's chest, and her breath tickling the back of her neck. Gail would've much rather have been next to a little goblin who talked incessantly and then started snoring as soon as she fell asleep, but this was nice too. She snuggled deeper into the other woman's hold. She wasn't going to fall asleep, obviously, not under the circumstances, but she could at least relax for a bit.

Also, Jisi had said that Gail could 'do kissing.' Even if no actual kissing was happening, this still seemed like the sort of thing that Jisi would approve of. She liked it when Gail made friends.

And then a bell rang out overhead, followed by an odd, hollow, rattling noise, and the other woman let go of Gail pretty quickly for someone who'd been so friendly just a second before. She scrambled up to her hands and knees, and Gail struggled to get up too, as a mix of breakfast cereals started bouncing along a little metal chute that was under the bar where their nose-rings were attached.

When she'd been led into the basement, Gail had been tired enough that she hadn't noticed the chute. She also hadn't really noticed how hungry she'd gotten since Jisi had dropped her off at the clinic. Now she noticed both those things, and also the way that the cereal was moving down the chute, so if she didn't get as much as she could, it'd all go to the woman on her other side, who probably hadn't been crawling around those hallways all afternoon, and who definitely didn't have a giant weight in her belly. Why should Gail give food that she could've gotten to someone she didn't even know?

"Haha!" said Twim. Gail also hadn't noticed the goblin vet standing behind her, but also, who cared? It wasn't like she could eat him. "Vitamins and minerals, just like those boxes say. They love it so much!"

Gail did not love breakfast cereal that much, and she definitely didn't have that much enthusiasm for dry breakfast cereal for dinner, but Jisi had said that it would be better if she didn't talk. Also, she didn't think that explaining that really, she'd prefer a burger or something would get her a burger or something. So she just made an angry little snort, which made her friend next to her give her an amused little side-eye. They were all there because they'd gotten involved with goblins, after all—seemed likely that

the woman next to her had already been given her share of be-quiet pills or bits and bridles and so on.

It also seemed like she'd been doing something to give her an appetite, because she wasn't leaving nearly as much breakfast cereal as she could. Of course, neither was Gail—the girl at the end of the chute was waiting for the little bits that got through from everyone else. At least until some of them stopped eating, because they'd had enough, or because they'd gotten otherwise distracted.

As the girls ate, Twim went down the line, talking to the two nurses about what he was seeing and what he wanted done with the girls. "Not quite excited enough, needs additional manual attention, three times per hour," for one of them. Then, "Coming along nicely, should be covered at least twice." And, "Refresh the bindings, binding for eyes and ears as well," and so on.

The girl next to Gail, the one who'd cuddled up to her and was apparently called Bobbles, had to be tested for improved responsiveness. At which point, she gasped silently and pulled back from the feeding chute, her cheeks suddenly flushed.

"Good, good, good," said Twim, as the girl started bucking back against… whatever it was that was happening to her, and Gail was finally able to get whole mouthfuls of the breakfast cereal, enough that she was letting whole mouthfuls go further down the chute to the two girls who were further along than she was.

Then Bobbles stiffened suddenly, the unfocused, blissful expression on her face turning into a grimace of pain, still as quiet as only those be-quiet pills could make people.

"One minute eight seconds to red, hahaha, I tell you, these girls sure do love fucking. Specimen jar? Well done, milky secretions, high energy, good enough to pay for her feed. There is that note about improving her receptiveness to anal penetration. When you bring the boars in, make sure that she's covered twice—" The woman jolted as Twim prodded her. "No, three times, and don't let them use her vaginal canal, that's not what she's here for."

And then his hands were on Gail's butt. The woman next to her was still trying to get her breath back, and Gail was still swallowing as much breakfast cereal as best could, while Twim pulled her tail out and put something else in. Whatever it was, it held her more open than she really

liked. "Very nice and pink inside, Apples!" he said. "Good job. Sometimes sows will get anal fissures and other problems when they're carrying something in their wombs, well done not fissuring your anus! Kudos to you!"

Goblins had long, narrow little fingers, and he kept prodding her inside with his. "Clean as well, no signs of damage or loss of muscular strength, so that tail is doing its job, yet another triumph by Jisi Anastarchus Endymion."

Gail snorted. There was no need for him to sound so sarcastic. Sure, Jisi was always trying out cool new wizard names, and sure, most of them were pretty silly. Gail made fun of them all the time. But that was Gail. Anyway, silly names aside, and whether or not Jisi had cheated on the correspondence course that she'd gotten her wizard certification from aside, Jisi was actually a really good wizard. Gail's tail, for instance, worked perfectly, and she wanted it back.

And then those long and skinny fingers stopped poking around inside her butt and started playing with her pussy, and she also pulled away from the feeding chute and tried to catch her breath.

Unlike Bobbles, who seemed to have gotten both one of those spiders that bit her when she got close to orgasm, and a be-quiet pill, Gail didn't have either of those. Everyone there could hear her when Twim measured her responsiveness. It turned out that her responsiveness was pretty good, actually. Twim might say a lot of nonsense about humans, but he clearly knew how to touch them in just the right places with just the pressure that made Gail feel like she was melting.

Only, Jisi had said she didn't want Gail coming unsupervised, and since she hadn't fitted Gail with one of those spiders, it was up to Gail to hold back.

Bobbles was back to eating, but she moved over next to Gail, leaning against her, side to side, and that… well, it was very nice, but it wasn't necessarily helping Gail not relax into the sensations, and…

Twim's voice broke into the haze: "Now, you see how she's getting red and puffy? That's an important signal when they're sealed up. When they're sealed for farming source, they just have to be closed up enough that the crystal can't slip out. But this sow was fucked by a troll, and he came all the way inside of her, and they let him finish so that all of the post-ejaculate also came out, and is clogging up her pipe. So she will not become

lubricated, even if she is brought to the point of orgasm! When you see her charts, she is not permitted climax as well, so if you bring her across the line, it is the hole for both of you. Do you understand?"

The women who Twim had dressed up as nurses hadn't said anything the whole time; presumably, they'd also been dosed up on be-quiet pills. So they didn't give any indication as to whether or not they'd understood, or at least none that Gail could hear. But it seemed like it was enough for Twim to move on to the next girl, who was, apparently, responding appropriately to the shots she'd been getting, and who jerked suddenly when she got another one of them, and would be ready for the dairy the next day.

Gail had sort of expected that the nurses would take care of Twim's instructions when dinner was over. As it happened, there was still cereal coming down the chute when the nurses brought the boars in. Given that Twim had come up with enough volunteers to both fill up the spaces along the feeding chute and to do things to the people who were lined up along the feeding chute, it wasn't exactly a surprise that he also had some men somewhere in the asylum—somewhere pretty close by, given how little time it took to bring them in. They had their arms and legs taped back the same way that Gail's were. Gail had learned how to scurry along pretty quickly, restrained like that, but it wasn't like she was going to be crossing serious distances or anything, and those guys…

Mounting a woman like that looked like an even harder trick than sitting up to beg for water while waving your elbows around. The guys had clearly been practicing it, and they managed to climb up better than Gail would've guessed, but they didn't have the mobility that they needed to actually get their cocks in.

Gail had spent enough time around goblins to know that this was exactly the sort of thing that they enjoyed watching—both the part where the guys were struggling to get their dicks inside the women underneath them, and the part where the nurses guided the cocks in. Twim absolutely laughing his ass off in the back of the room only proved that Gail was right. Goblins did a lot of things, and absolutely none of them involved hiding their emotions, or not doing something that they'd decided that they wanted to do.

The chain to Gail's nose ring was too short for her to pull back far enough to watch exactly what was happening. Also, she was still hungry, and this was her chance to get more breakfast cereal while the women

further up the chute were distracted. So she didn't watch the whole thing—just enough to see what was going on at first, and then, at the end, she watched the nurse pull the guy's cock out of the woman who he was fucking so that he could finish in a specimen jar. That made sense, and not just because it was something that Twim would find funny. Gail couldn't do magic—humans couldn't in general—but she'd seen enough of it done to know that it involved an awful lot of various secretions.

Anyway, for magical reasons or otherwise, most of the girls on the line were getting fucked by those guys. Some of them were getting fucked multiple times, in different holes. Maybe Twim wanted more secretions, or maybe he just liked watching tied-up human men fucking human women who had their nose rings chained to a bar. In either case, there were more women than men, so—even though the guys recovered faster than guys who hadn't been dosed with goblin aphrodisiacs would have—it took them a while to get around to Bobbles. By that time, there was water running down the feeding chute, which… if Gail hadn't been as thirsty as she was, she probably wouldn't have wanted to drink from the same stream as a bunch of people she didn't know. Even if none of them were currently having sex, and if there weren't soggy bits of breakfast cereal floating in the water.

And if she hadn't just spent the afternoon getting worked over by Twim's creepy nurses, she probably wouldn't have been irritated that Jisi had said that those guys couldn't fuck her as well. What she wanted was Jisi, but if she couldn't have Jisi, maybe someone… didn't matter, though. She had that tag in her ear telling them who could fuck her, and the answer was nobody and also she wasn't allowed to come anyway.

But the thing was, she didn't want to come, exactly. She didn't want to come, and she didn't actually want to have a guy doing his best to stay up on her back, his elbow pads trying to balance on her shoulders.

She just wanted… Gail pressed up against Bobbles as the guy got himself into position on her back and managed to stay there, and the nurse worked his cock up to hardness and guided it into Bobbles's ass. Shoulder to shoulder, flank to flank, Gail moved with Bobbles as the guy fucked her, feeling the motion between the two of them, feeling their sweat. The nurse had taken out Bobbles' tail before putting that cock into her ass, and it had rolled down underneath Gail, so she could see the long, curly black hair, the way it was twitching with every thrust of the man's cock in Bobbles' ass.

So, yeah. If Jisi were there, and if she made Gail come, that would've been great. But right then Gail didn't want sex because it led to orgasms. She wanted sex because she wanted to fuck.

She wanted the feeling of something slick inside of her, pushing in, finding the right spot, feeling the pressure… with every thrust, Gail's hips moved in time with the hips next to her, her breath coming at the same time as Bobbles's, making the noises that Bobbles couldn't. When the nurses pulled the guy's cock out, Gail felt even emptier, heard the come spattering into the sample jar, and then… and then it was her turn.

She was there, ready, waiting, open. They weren't supposed to fuck her, but could Gail do about it if they did? They were the ones who'd be in trouble with Jisi, and Gail would… there was the sharp sting of a needle in her ass. And then her arms and legs fell out from under her, and she collapsed on her belly.

"Buffoons!" Twim yelled. "Give her a push onto her side as she's falling next time! That stuff inside her is worth both of you put together."

One of the nurses started unwrapping Gail's bandages, while the other spread something on her pussy—some sort of lotion, maybe? It felt nice at first, but then it stung, like there was some sort of medicine on it. Whatever it was, it was something; if Gail could've moved, her hips would've been moving, but her muscles weren't responding to her at all.

On the other hand, contrary to Twim's earlier warnings, Gail hadn't popped like a grape. There hadn't even been any leakage, apparently, or else it would've been the hole. Which Gail had mixed feelings about. She didn't want to ruin Jisi's investment, which she'd been promised twenty percent of. On the other hand, she kind of wanted those two assholes to get the hole, whatever that meant.

It felt good when they let her arms and legs loose, though. And then they started massaging her arms and legs and… Gail made a pleased little noise without thinking about it, which reminded her that she could still talk if she wanted to. It was odd, not having that be a first thought, or even a second thought, that she had to be reminded that she was capable of speech by making a noise.

That was what being a guest at Twim's was like, apparently. Gail had kind of forgotten that she was a person who could talk, and it seemed like those nurses had too. They didn't give her any sort of warning when they decided that she'd been sufficiently massaged, just another shot, this time in

her other butt cheek. And then Gail was out, all the way out. No dreams or anything; just, one minute being massaged and then jabbed, and then the next moment, her arms and legs wrapped up again, and breakfast cereal rattling down the chute in front of her.

The second day wasn't any easier than the first. After Gail got as much cereal as she could, shoulder to shoulder with the girls in the stalls on either side, it was time to be chased around by a nurse in a gauze mask. Jisi was supposed to visit at some point, and she was contractually obligated to make Gail come, but it wasn't like Gail had her phone with her, or even a watch. She had no idea how long it'd been since breakfast. Even if she'd managed to keep track of the time somehow, she still wouldn't know when Jisi was going to get there. She could ask the nurse, sure, but she knew she wasn't going to get an answer, just more shocks on her butt and the soles of her feet, or a water bottle dangled teasingly in front of her, trying to get her to beg.

On the plus side, after being chased around the hallways of the clinic for a day and a half, Gail had gotten to know them pretty well. So when she heard a high, excitable goblin voice, she was off like a shot, scuttling along on her elbows and knees, and the nurse had to trot to keep up.

Sounds echoed strangely in the old asylum. It might have been some other goblin, and Gail was going to get in trouble for running away from her nurse, for no reason. But she knew it wasn't, it was Jisi, and she banked around a corner and saw her—

When Twim had taped up her arms and legs, Gail hadn't been entirely convinced that she'd be able to balance at all, let alone move around. Now she bounded over to Jisi, fast enough that she couldn't stop easily, and nearly knocked her down. Which was, apparently, the funniest thing that Jisi had ever seen, which was probably not something that Gail should've encouraged, because she didn't really want to have to crawl around like that too often, but it was just… it was weird to say that she'd been lonely when there'd been people around her the whole time. But Gail had been lonely, and now Jisi was there.

Jisi fell down laughing, clutching her stomach, and Gail prodded at her with her elbows, nudging her with her face. She'd agreed to stay at the clinic for a day or two, so it probably wasn't over. At the same time, she was kind of done being alone at the clinic, and she was really happy to see Jisi.

When Jisi finally managed to stop laughing, she started petting Gail's hair. Gail collapsed happily beside her and let her.

With all of that going on, Gail hadn't noticed Twim arriving until he spoke. "As you can see, a little more energy than usual, eh?"

"If you're going to take credit for the troll come that I got inside of her," said Jisi, "I'm not going to believe you, because I was there, and I—"

"I thought it was the troll that did it?" said Twim. "If you can come like a troll, there's a good market for--"

"I know that there is a good market for troll ejaculate! That is why I have left Apples here so that you can express the troll come that is filling her magically expanded uterus and vaginal canal. And while I did not personally ejaculate into her uterus, she knows that I am the one who decides who and what shall ejaculate into her or onto her, and thus I am the one who gets credit for how pretty and clever she is, and also how happy she is to see me."

"And that's why you're the one who has to give her a seeing to, and then she can go back into training. Otherwise, I could just make the nurses jerk her off, over and over, until she's crying and trying to escape, and she can't escape because of how her legs are tied up and then they'd make her lick them out, and they'd get angry because their spiders would sting them, and then they'd take it out on her by making her come more times that she didn't want to come. I think that she should be ripe by this time tomorrow, so you can—"

"Tomorrow! You said that it was supposed to be a day or two!"

"Yes. Today is one day, and tomorrow is two days. That is how numbers work. The first one is one, and the second one is two!" Twim counted them off on his fingers. "It's a strange human magic, I know."

"Fine! Fine. But…" Jisi growled angrily and stamped her foot. "This is all stupid. Up, Apples, come on, that's a girl. I'll show them making you come so hard that you're going to do tricks to get more orgasms. Not fewer orgasms! That's stupid, who wants a girl who isn't turned on, that's the opposite of what you want."

Gail didn't like the idea of not seeing Jisi until tomorrow afternoon any more than Jisi did. But she had no problem getting back up onto her elbows and knees, and letting Jisi show them all how to make Gail come so hard she'd want to do tricks to get more orgasms, not fewer orgasms. Jisi was right! That sounded much better than Twim's plan.

Twim's whole clinic was set up to be weird about sex, and maybe Gail was weird about sex, because she'd been wanting to fuck pretty much since Jisi had left her panting on the broken old pavement outside of the clinic. And right then, she wanted to fuck, and she wanted to come, and she wanted them both extremely hard and extremely fast.

Jisi was willing to indulge her when it came to hard. She bit and pinched and dug her fingertips in where Gail wasn't slick with anything but sweat, and slapped Gail's pussy when she moved too fast, or when she didn't do exactly what Jisi wanted her to do. Because Jisi absolutely wasn't willing to go fast.

Just when Gail was right at the edge, her thighs shaking uncontrollably, and the lightest touch would have been enough to set her off, Jisi took her hand away and started explaining to Twim the different noises that Gail made when she was stimulated, and what they meant. And the faces that Gail made when Jisi let her finish, which were, apparently, hilarious, he really had to see them.

If Gail hadn't been quite so worked up, she might have been annoyed about the things Jisi was saying. As it was, it was just noises in the background. Nothing really mattered but Jisi's fingers, Jisi's lips and tongue and the threat of her sharp little teeth, the way she'd play with Gail's breasts, the soft, possessive touch on Gail's swollen belly, the way… the way that, eventually, she broke Gail apart, exactly the way she'd said she would.

Jisi had, once or twice, showed Gail videos where she'd brought her to orgasm, to demonstrate what hilarious faces she made, but they just didn't seem that funny to Gail. A little contorted, sure. Like she was straining hard and lost at the same time. But, apparently, Twim found them exactly as funny as Jisi always did. When Gail was done, lying on the floor, twitching as the aftershocks ran through her, he was lying on the floor too, just as drained by laughing so hard.

"And that," said Jisi, "is how you earn the loyalty and tricks of a human. Pleasure so intense they cannot stand when it is done, and the promise that you alone can deliver that pleasure to them, at the time of your choosing."

Twim, flat on his back, gasping for breath, lifted his hand in a vague gesture in Jisi's direction. "Sure, sure. Or you just tie them up and do things to their genitals. They're simple creatures, really."

Jisi walked around so that she was in front of Gail, and tilted her head to the side with a thoughtful expression, looking Gail up and down. "Well, yes," she said eventually. "Simple but charming. And mine has an indomitable spirit, which will rise up to any challenge. Also, she's a wonderful ride. Here, watch this!"

As she spoke, she wriggled out of her shorts and underpants, and a jolt of interest shot through Gail's pleasantly satisfied exhaustion. She was too tired and too tied up to move much, but she lifted her head off the ground a little and opened her mouth hopefully. Jisi laughed and tossed back her hair, then strode over and straddled Gail's face, giving Gail a gorgeous view of her green-apple-cheeked ass and her sweet little pussy.

In Gail's admittedly limited experience with human women, there wasn't that much point in trying to tongue them inside because tongues really didn't get deep enough or fill them up enough for it to matter. But Jisi was small and tight, and when Gail worked her tongue up inside her, Jisi clenched and shivered and pushed down hard and fast, the same way she pressed against Gail's neck when they'd been running a long, hard race and were going fast enough to take Jisi's breath away.

Jisi had come, but she wasn't done. She usually had like six or seven goes in her, more than any human woman Gail had ever been with, and definitely more than Gail, who was completely finished after one. Now… well, apparently Jisi had missed Gail too. Gail licked and sucked and nuzzled until her jaw was as sore as her elbows and her knees, and eventually she kind of lost count.

She didn't want it to end, was the thing. It was a good ache, and it was Jisi, and it was great. Also, Gail wasn't ready for Jisi to be done and leave her at Twim's for another day. Besides which, when Jisi was done, she'd start biting, on Gail's breasts and stomach and then right over her pussy, and with Gail's arms and legs folded over and wrapped up, there wasn't anything she could do to make Jisi stop biting, and those sharp little teeth hurt.

The whole time Gail had been at Twim's, Gail hadn't said a word. Jisi hadn't wanted her to, and Gail had wanted to be good for Jisi. And just like Jisi liked showing off how fast and enormous and pretty Gail was, Gail liked showing off how good at taming humans Jisi was, and the only way to do that was to be tame. And eventually she'd just sort of forgotten that she could make words.

But when Jisi's teeth sank into the sensitive crease of Gail's thigh, Gail suddenly remembered. She remembered a lot of words, mostly threats about what she would do if Jisi didn't get off her right now.

"Okay okay okay!" Jisi rolled off, laughing, but with her ears a little flattened with nervousness. "Everything is fine, you don't need to say anything about my secrets, particularly not the ones about the student loans or the ingredients in my hair growth potions. My extremely effective hair growth potions which are worth every penny I charge for them, made with only the highest-quality frog skins! There, there, it wasn't even that hard a bite, and it's going to leave a lovely little mark for everyone to see. That's a girl! There there."

Gail got back up to her elbows and knees with as much dignity as she could muster (less than zero) and glared at Jisi, while Jisi patted her head and did her best to calm her down. Then Jisi did her best not to giggle, and Gail did her best not to giggle back, and neither of them did a very good job. At which point, Jisi kissed Gail on the tip of her nose, and told her that she just had to be good for a little while longer, and oh, the fun they were going to have when they won the big race. Then she bit Gail on the tip of her nose and dashed away as Gail chased her, shouting more threats and insults at Jisi's back.

It had been really good to see her. Gail wasn't happy about having to spend another day at Twim's, but when the nurse caught up to her, she was more cheerful about doing her laps around the hallways than she had been when she'd woken up that morning. Soon she'd be done with this, and that seal on her pussy would get broken, and she'd get emptied out, and that was something that she was absolutely ready for, and then, apparently, she was going to cheat at a race.

She was kind of looking forward to it. She couldn't actually just stretch out and go with the bindings on her arms and legs—the nurse had to walk at a brisk pace to keep up with her, but she was keeping up, and Gail knew that she was going to be tired and winded way before the nurse got either tired or bored. Maybe it was the visit from Jisi, or maybe it was the troll semen inside of her, but Gail really wanted to get those things off, and get her bridle on and the bit between her teeth, and just go, as fast and as long as she could.

Instead, she had to crawl around and around the grimy corridors of an abandoned lunatic asylum. It was thirsty work, and when she begged for

water she had to stick her tongue out, and keep it out even when she was threatened with the zappy stick. Sometimes the nurse would zap her tongue instead of giving her water. Maybe it was because the nurse had watched her playing with Jisi and was jealous, maybe it was because the nurse was being farmed for source and was frustrated about not being allowed to orgasm. Probably it was because the nurse was a horrible asshole. Whatever it was, that stick hurt, and it hurt worse on her tongue than it hurt in the other places that the nurse jabbed her, and that nurse jabbed her in all sorts of places when she wasn't moving quickly enough.

Gail didn't even get a break for lunch, though at some point, the nurse was replaced with a different nurse. Unfortunately, the second one was exactly as much of an asshole as the first one, and made Gail scurry around just as much.

Gail hadn't really believed that having troll jizz inside her was performance-enhancing. Sure, magic was magic, but then again, sometimes she and Jisi would be playing cards, and Jisi would try to palm one, and it wouldn't really work because the cards were bigger than her hands, and Jisi would claim that was magic too. So Gail had figured that, best case, it was some sort of placebo thing where if she believed she'd been given something to make her faster, it would boost her confidence and she'd go faster, and the real magic was self confidence! And worst case, Jisi just thought it'd be funny to leave her at Twim's for a few days before having the jizz expressed.

But, even though Gail was in better shape than she'd been in years, there was still no way she could have kept crawling around all day like that under ordinary circumstances. So she was forced to conclude that yeah, the real magic was the troll semen that was in her all along.

Maybe dragon's blood had a similar effect. Maybe it had a better effect! Gail didn't know about any of that. But when she'd raced against Amy without either of them using anything like that, Gail had won, if only by a nose. With this in her… unless Amy was actually bathing in dragon's blood, instead of that just being something that Cerim had said to get Jisi mad, and unless bathing in dragon's blood was something really amazing, Gail was going to win by a mile.

All the same, when the nurse finally took her down to the basement, she didn't have much left. Once her nose ring was clipped to a chain, and the chain was clipped to the bar in front of her, Gail collapsed onto the floor

and just lay there. She hadn't ever expected to be able to run on her elbows and knees fast enough to get steamed up, but she had, and the tiles were cool under her, and it was nice to just… not be crawling, and not be poked by a zappy stick, and just breathe.

The stalls next to Gail's were empty. The other girls must still have been exercising, or getting milked, or whatever it was that Twim did with them during the day. For the moment, Gail had the basement to herself. It still smelled of people kept in a space without any windows, who'd been washed down by cold garden hoses without deodorant, and who spent a lot of their time in that room getting fucked, but for the moment, it was peaceful. Quiet. And she was so worn out that, even without the benefit of a magical knockout shot in her butt, she started drifting off.

She didn't sleep well, obviously—she'd heated up when she'd been crawling, and when she'd finally cooled down a little, she kept cooling down. She half-woke up a couple of times, trying to pull a blanket over herself, even though there weren't any blankets there, and also she couldn't use her hands. But she slept, and when she woke up for real, she wasn't cold, because there was a naked woman curled up behind her, holding her tight, her skin warm against Gail's.

Twim's clinic was a lot of things, and nice wasn't any of them. But that lazy, slow awakening, Bobbles's breath tickling the back of Gail's neck… it was nice.

Then the bell rang, followed by the rattle that Gail recognized by now as the sound of dry cereal falling down a metal chute. Gail was immediately up, pushing away from Bobbles, scrambling to her place at the chute for a chance at something to eat, anything. It was the first food she'd seen since breakfast, and while the energy she'd had during the day might have come from magic, it had taken a lot out of her. She hadn't realized just how hungry she was until the cereal started pouring down the chute, but once it did, she was kind of mad about every bite that any of the other girls took, because that meant that there was less for her.

Even Bobbles, who… Gail didn't really know her at all. She didn't know what her actual name was, or anything about her beyond the facts that she was tall and pretty and she was dating a goblin who wanted her to be fucked in the ass at Dr. Twim's clinic. Gail did like her, and was looking forward to leaning against her while she got fucked in the ass again, but at the same time, every bite that she took was a bite that Gail couldn't get.

The girl who'd been in the stall on Gail's other side wasn't there anymore. There was no one downstream of Gail at all, so anything she missed went down the end of the chute and into a bucket that sat frustratingly out of reach. Every so often a nurse would come by and replace the bucket with an empty one. Could be she was pouring it back through the top of the feeding chute, but even if she was, most of it'd go to the girls upstream of Gail, who were all eating too much already.

Twim came by while they were eating, same as he had the day before, poking and prodding at the girls, giving instructions to the nurses following him. The best part was when he decided that one of the girls needed to have an orgasm so that they could harvest some fluids or something, because then the girl stopped eating, and a little more cereal made its way down to Gail.

When he got to her, Twim spent a while poking at the places where the troll's post-ejaculate was still on her skin. It was, apparently, starting to flake a little at the edges of the seals, but it wasn't anything too bad, and there wouldn't be any problem keeping her sealed tight for at least another fifteen, maybe twenty hours. But, at the same time, the nurses needed to make sure there weren't any punctures in the seal—that stuff inside of Gail was going to pay for her room and board, and if they lost any of it, they were going to regret it.

And then they brought the guys in, and Gail could finally get whole mouthfuls of cereal, instead of trying to lick up the pieces that had bounced past the other girls in the row, or half-eaten little bits that had fallen out of their mouths when they'd tried to get another bite. She did push in closer to Bobbles when it was time for her to get fucked, and she moved with her while she was being fucked, but Gail was still mainly focused on trying to get at least a little bit more to eat.

The next time—not that there was going to be a next time. She was never going to let Jisi send her back to Twim's clinic again. But when Jisi convinced her to change her mind about that, Gail was going to insist that she get more to eat. One way or another. And she'd have Jisi pay for a real dinner at a nice restaurant as soon as she was out again.

And if there was a nice restaurant where she could eat next to someone being fucked as convincingly as Bobbles was being fucked right then, that'd be even better. Because… well, maybe there was some sort of aphrodisiac in the breakfast cereal. That seemed like the sort of thing that Twim would

do. Or maybe it was the troll come inside her. Or, maybe, she was just horny and wanted to fuck.

It was all Jisi's fault, really. Gail had liked sex before she'd started dating Jisi, and it wasn't like Jisi had made her do things that she didn't want to do. It was just that it turned out that she wanted to do more things than she'd thought she'd wanted to do, and she wanted to do them harder, and more often.

When the guys were fucking Bobbles, Gail felt empty and needy and wanting. Then Twim jabbed her with the muscle relaxant, and getting a massage and a sleeping shot and then waking up refreshed was absolutely what she wanted right then. Mainly because when she woke up it would be another day, and Jisi would be contractually obligated to make her come at some point during that day. And secondarily because they were finally going to get the stuff out of her and sell it or whatever it was that they did with troll semen. And, to be fair, thirdly because her muscles had gotten pretty badly cramped from being wrapped up all day, and she could really use a massage.

But then, when the massage was just about done, Jisi showed up. Twim was following behind her, laughing too hard to say anything, holding a syringe that was probably filled with the same magical knockout juice he'd given Gail the night before.

"Shut up," Jisi snapped. "Everyone shut up, especially you, Apples."

Gail hadn't said anything. She hadn't even smiled! Mostly because she couldn't move the muscles in her face, or anywhere else, after the previous shot.

"Tomorrow isn't for hours," said Twim, between gasps.

"Yes tomorrow isn't for hours, I know that very well," said Jisi. "But there is a big race that we're running tomorrow and we have to get to the track early and—"

"And I could have her shipped to you by—"

"And I will be riding in a big race and how am I supposed to sleep when she's…no, shut up. Everyone shut up, except for someone who will go bring me a blanket."

Twim made an amused gesture at one of the nurses, who scurried off.

"So," said Twim. "You're going to want the sleeping potion jabbed in her ass, right?"

"No I am not going to want the sleeping potion jabbed in her ass," said Jisi. "If she's got a sleeping potion in her ass, I can't wake her up and make her perform oral sex on me when I wake up in the middle of the night, obviously."

"Of course, of course. I mean, it's going to make it harder for her to sleep, but I'm sure that if she doesn't get enough sleep, that will just help her run faster in that race that you're planning on cheating in tomorrow. That's how it works, right? When they don't get enough sleep, they—"

"She will sleep very well, because she is in my company! That is the only way that my sow can sleep properly, and that is all that she needs to sleep properly! Also, if it proves absolutely necessary, I will grant her another orgasm, and that'll usually conk her out for a few hours, anyway." Jisi tucked herself against Gail's chest, pulling Gail's arm over her.

Because of that muscle relaxant shot, Gail couldn't adjust herself around Jisi the way she normally would. For once Jisi actually had to do all the work, instead of just saying that she was doing all the work, and that nobody appreciated her, and so on.

Twim was still hovering expectantly, syringe in hand, and after a few seconds Jisi lifted her face from between Gail's breasts to add, "Fine! Fine. Give me a half-dose of the sleeping potion, and I'll give it to her after I fuck her face around midnight."

Twim sucked in a breath. "You know, a half-dose is just as much trouble to make as a full dose; I'll have to charge—"

"No it isn't," said Jisi, "and no you won't. To make a half-dose of a sleeping potion, you take a full potion and only use half of it. I am, in fact, saving you money by being here, and you know it, and I will not be paying extra for anything."

"Well," said Twim.

Jisi sighed. "Fine, fine, fine, you can use your nurses on her tomorrow, to get the last of the stuff out of her. But I don't want her so completely useless that she can't run, because otherwise, what was the point of this whole thing?"

"The whole point of this thing is my share of the troll semen that sow is carrying. Obviously? And fine, fine, have it your way. Half a dose. Half a dose! Who has heard of such insanity."

"Literally everyone who needs to be asleep for a bit but not all night," said Jisi. One of the nurses came back with a hospital blanket, and Jisi

snatched it away and pulled it around herself.

Twim laughed again and left with the nurse, his hand on the lady's calf —not just possessively, but with the complete assurance that he could do whatever he wanted. It was hot and a little scary, and if Gail could have moved, her arms would have tightened automatically around Jisi.

Not that Gail usually stopped Jisi from doing whatever she wanted. Not even when she'd meant to put her foot down originally. It was just… well, it was different when it was Jisi. Playing with others was all very well, but Gail would rather be around Jisi than anyone else.

And, apparently, the feeling was mutual. However hard Jisi had found it to fall asleep the night before, she drifted right off then, still grumbling to herself about the way that Twim had tried to get her to pay more for a half-dose of sleeping potion than a full dose, what nonsense was that, that was just the opposite of being true, and at least hospitals made blankets that were the right size for goblins, and… she was out, a bit of drool from the corner of her mouth puddling on Gail's breast.

Gail lay there, listening to Jisi's faint, raspy snore and feeling painfully fond of her and also a bit smug, and… she was still sprawled out on a tile floor, her nose still chained to a bar in front of her. It wasn't an easy or a comfortable way to fall asleep, and it wasn't like she could shift around to find a better position. Also, Jisi had kind of promised her an orgasm if she didn't fall asleep, and while she'd already had her contractually obligated orgasm for the day, another one sounded pretty good. All the other girls in the room had gotten fucked, and she hadn't!

And yet, despite all that, Jisi was there, sleeping on Gail, blowing Gail's hair off her shoulder with every exhale. There were all sorts of differences between them, but when they slept together, they wound up breathing at the same speed. Gail relaxed into the rhythm of it and drifted off. Despite the tile floors and the chain in her nose and everything else.

Still, she was constantly dreaming about being woken up, and then waking up from that dream to fall back asleep into a similar dream. Every time Jisi shifted her weight, or pulled the blanket tighter, or threw it off, every time one of the other girls made a noise scuffling around in their stalls, it would wake Gail up a little, and then Jisi's breathing would pull her back down to sleep.

But somehow, when Jisi wriggled out from under Gail's arm, Gail didn't wake up until Jisi's legs were already straddling her face, her pussy

right over Gail's mouth.

Gail had fallen asleep lying on her side. Now she was on her back. Either Jisi had rearranged her, or else… Gail tried to move, and her hands responded, grabbed Jisi's hips and pulled her down into her.

It was the first time she'd been fully in control of her hands since she'd come to Dr. Twim's clinic. And it was exactly what she wanted to do with her hands, now that she had control of them. Holding Jisi tight and pulling her close.

"Easy," said Jisi, and then a bit shaky, "ahaha? So… uhhhhh."

Jisi loved to show off how well she knew Gail's body, how she could work her over to get exactly the response she wanted. Gail wasn't quite as expert when it came to Jisi, and they didn't have an audience now—at least, no one who could see them well. The basement was dark, except for a few panels with red lights that gave everything a lurid glow, and their audience was mostly knocked out with those shots that Twim gave them. But Gail had spent enough time with Jisi that she knew what to do when she wanted the goblin girl to respond. Hold her tight—not tight enough to hurt, but tight enough to remind her how much stronger Gail was than her, Gail's fingertips meeting on the small of Jisi's back, her thumbs stretched along the curve of her stomach, and strong, solid pressure with her tongue and her lips.

Later, for the next one, her tongue would go up inside of her, tasting the sweetness there, finding the little ridged place inside where Jisi would stiffen and collapse when she flicked it with her tongue. But there was no rush. With Jisi, the first one was just getting started.

Even so, it didn't take as long as usual before Jisi's thighs were clamping sound Gail's face, and she let out a high-pitched little cry and shuddered and came, a lot harder than she usually did, the first time Gail got her off. Obviously, she'd been telling the truth about having missed Gail, otherwise why would she even be there, but Gail hadn't thought that she'd missed her quite that badly.

Gail was naked, chained to a steel bar by a ring in her nose. It wasn't like there was any ambiguity about who was in charge of whom. And yet, it could be that there was something a little malicious about the way that, instead of easing up after that, Gail went harder. Jisi's pussy was tight and sweet and Gail's tongue was all the way up inside of it, finding exactly the

point that made Jisi's muscles seize up and her legs shake. And then she pulled her down harder, just eating her alive.

If Jisi told her to stop, or even to slow down, Gail would. But Jisi wasn't in any state to say anything, and she was clearly enjoying herself, even if she might have preferred to enjoy herself a little more slowly. So Gail kept pushing, because… well, because having her nose chained to a bar and having a belly filled with troll come and all the rest of it was kind of uncomfortable, and all that was Jisi's fault, so it seemed only fair that Jisi should be a little uncomfortable herself.

And also because having her nose chained to a bar and having a belly full of troll come and all the rest of it had been driving her a little bit crazy and wanting to fuck. So if this was the way that Jisi was going to fuck, this was the way that Gail was going to fuck her, until she fucking passed out, or… Jisi came again, and Gail kept pushing her, tasting the shudders of Jisi's orgasm, chasing the shudders of her orgasm, that little thread of sweetness amidst the musky flavor of her.

Jisi bent over in half and bit Gail's breast, just over her nipple, hard. Gail's grip loosened enough for Jisi to slip loose and get out of the range of Gail's hands, which wanted to pull her closer, to keep at her, as hard as possible, forever.

"Ahaha," said Jisi weakly, as uncertain as she ever got, which wasn't very. "You missed me too, did you? Ahaha?"

Gail smiled, and even in the dim red light of that basement, Jisi smiled back.

"Well, good," said Jisi. "Very, uh, enthusiastic. Maybe… well, best to avoid long stays away, or perhaps you should be restrained more thoroughly? But then… no, no, I have to prioritize your health, really, and not just do whatever I want."

At that point, Gail frowned.

Which made Jisi smile even wider. "Yes, yes, I know. You are very loyal, but so demanding! Now, while it would be fun to play a little more, you do need your sleep, so… come on, up, elbows and knees, just like you've been practicing."

Gail scrambled up to her elbows and knees. If Jisi was going to let her come to help her get back to sleep, she was not going to complain at all about any of what happened until then. She wiggled her butt at Jisi, and Jisi's fingers found her pussy and started dancing across the seal that the

troll had left on her. Gail moaned, arched her back and tilted her hips, leaning toward Jisi as far as the chain on her nose would let her. And then there was a sudden sharp sting on her butt, and by the time Gail realized what Jisi had done, she was sinking down to the tiles, the half-dose of sleeping potion already fogging her mind.

The last thing she heard was Jisi's delighted laughter, and the last thing she thought was that the time was going to come when she did something about the way Jisi kept doing things like that. Even in her sleep-fogged state, she knew that last thought wasn't actually true, but she did like thinking it.

When Gail came to, the basement was gone, along with Bobbles sleeping quietly next to her. The dim red lights had been replaced with a single harsh light overhead, and Gail was strapped into a chair. It was like a gynecologist's chair, except instead of being up at like waist height, it pretty much sat at ground level. Also, there were a lot of… things… on her. And in her. Some of them were medical devices she recognized. There was an IV drip for some reason? And a pulse monitor pinching one of her fingertips. Others were clearly magical, like the string of beetles buzzing out of a terrarium over by the side, which would drop on her, bite something off, and then go back—they were biting that troll post-ejaculate? Hopefully? If she'd been anesthetized, that'd—

Twim pinched her labia, hard, and Gail thrashed, making a noise that was more of a yelp than she'd have liked. No, not anesthetized. Also, there was a tube there, and moving made it feel kind of… it didn't hurt, but it was weird.

"It's a catheter!" said Jisi happily from behind her. "A lot of people don't think that the urethra is a sex hole! But if it is, I put something into that sex hole as well! Now I've done all of them, except the nostrils."

"Uh huh," Gail grumbled, rather than say anything about ear canals, which would just be asking for trouble. Jisi and Twim both burst into laughter, clutching each other in an attempt not to fall down, while Gail was left staring up at one of those gauze-masked nurses, who didn't seem that amused.

"Anyway, anyway," said Jisi. "The point is, this way you—"

"Now, now," said Twim. "She'll find out when she finds out. Do you need a be-quiet pill, Apples?"

Gail looked over at Jisi, who gave just the faintest hint of a shrug. She'd rather that Gail didn't, so Gail shook her head.

"Okay," said Twim. "But no screaming and shouting. Maybe some sex noises? Not too loud, tough."

Sex noises. Gail didn't seem to be set up for… well, her legs were splayed apart and fastened in place, and she was on her back, so she was set up for all sorts of things, but—

"Scissors," said Twim. "Get started. It's sooner than is ideal, but someone is in a hurry—"

"There are post times!" said Jisi. "There's no point in cheating at a race if we're not there when the race starts, come on, think things through."

"Of course, of course—"

While Twim and Jisi were bickering, the nurse stepped forward, squirted like a whole tube of really cold lubricant on Gail's pussy, and put a vibrator down on her clit.

Gail startled and looked over at Jisi, who patted her hair. "Yes, yes. It all makes sense. We have to get all of it out when the seal breaks, you see? So it's going to have to be calibrated carefully."

The vibrator was a really powerful one. The rumble went all the way through Gail, down to her toes and up to her scalp. The straps that held her down to the chair had enough give in them for her to squirm around a bit, but nowhere near as much as she'd need to get out of the way of that thing. And, the way she was feeling, it didn't take long until thrashing in a fruitless attempt to avoid it turned into grinding up against it, fast, hard, and desperate.

Then the vibrator stopped, and Gail's hips tried to follow it as it went away. "Shh," said Jisi. "Easy, that's a girl. You'll have a nice little orgasm when it's time for you to have a nice little orgasm."

But Jisi had said that she'd give Gail an orgasm, not that some nurse with bandages over her face was going to get her off with an industrial-strength vibrator. Gail snorted angrily.

Jisi grinned at her. "You are entitled to one from me a day until the stuff is out. I didn't say you wouldn't get other orgasms!"

Maybe she hadn't. But it'd been implied.

"And when you win your race like you're supposed to, I'll take care of you after you get your turn in the winners circle!"

That wasn't… then the vibrator was back on her, and Gail lost that train of thought. And every other possible train of thought. What she wanted was Jisi, but the truth was, once they were done with all this, Gail was going to have to talk about maybe getting a toy like that one. It was just… it was rattling her bones, all the way through.

Until the nurse pulled it away, because she was a horrible person and Gail hated her.

The beetles had been going back and forth the whole time, pulling little flakes off the seal on her cunt. Gail could feel them pinching at her skin as they pulled it loose. And it was getting looser as they worked, maybe because they'd pulled out enough to weaken it, or maybe because that vibrator was shaking things loose, or maybe… could be that her response to the vibrator was loosening things up as well? Because each time, the nurse had to hold it there for less and less time, and each time, Gail was getting closer and closer.

But they didn't let her finish. After a while, Twim came around to inspect her and decided that she needed a break. So he taped her arms and legs up and had the nurse walk her through the corridors with that shock stick. Gail felt the seal shifting and tearing every time she moved her legs, but if she stopped moving her legs, she got zapped.

The setup with the chair wasn't comfortable, but it was a genuine relief to get back there. And then Jisi had quite a lot of fun putting the catheter in, and it felt weird going in, and then she was aware that it was in, and it was weird, and then there was that vibrator again, and Gail couldn't really think about anything else.

When they put her back in the chair, they left her arms taped up, but undid her legs so they could get them in the stirrups. And while the nurse worked on her, Jisi stood behind her and played with her hair. The whole thing had left Gail kind of sweaty, so Jisi would pull away locks of hair and kiss Gail's forehead, and watch with big round eyes as Gail got really close to orgasm.

Gail gasped for breath, feeling like a rubber band stretched to the breaking point, like her climax was right there and impossibly far away at the same time, and Twim said, "Okay okay, come here and watch this."

Jisi gave Gail one last kiss and came around to stand next to Twim between Gail's splayed-open legs, while the nurse stood off to the side, holding the vibrator.

"Now," said Twim, and the vibrator went down, and it stayed down.

Gail didn't know what time it was—there was sunlight coming through the broken windows, so it was daytime, but she didn't know when she'd woken up, and she didn't know how long they'd been doing that stuff to her. However long it'd been, it'd been long enough. She'd gone past the point where the delay was making things more fun. She was sore and tired, and she wanted—she just wanted. Really, really bad.

She ground up into the vibrator, and the vibrator pulverized her, rumbling through… an orgasm was coming, and if she was supposed to hold back, that was too bad, because there was no stopping it. Gail convulsed in the straps, and the seal that had been holding her closed ever since that troll had finished with her finally broke: a release like nothing she'd ever felt before.

Everything was coming out of her as that orgasm twisted through her. The vibrator kept going, and Gail kept twisting, muscles contracting without her having any control of what was happening at all. At one point, her head was high enough off the back of her chair to see both Jisi and Twim watching her pussy with rapt attention, as what felt like pounds of… semi liquid… dropped out of her.

"Oh, wow," said Jisi. "That's so much."

Twim didn't even make a condescending remark. There was an awed note in his voice, and he said, "So much. She must have made that troll very happy."

"She makes everyone very happy," said Jisi. "She's perfect."

Gail was tied to a chair, and sweaty, and twisting, and she couldn't think about much because of the way the pleasure was still pulsing through her, and she knew that her face and her everything were still twisted up with an orgasm, and that wasn't what perfect looked like. Except to Jisi, who meant everything she said, and that was enough to make Gail twist harder.

It seemed to take forever. But when Gail was finished, the vibrator was still there, still pulverizing her.

She tried to twist away, but while she had enough slack to move against the vibrator, she was still very much strapped into the chair. And instead of letting her loose or telling the nurse to stop, Twim and Jisi were still staring at the container troll semen.

It was too much. Gail trashed, making inarticulate noises as she tried to get loose, and the nurse was just…

Jisi moved back where she could stroke Gail's hair. "Easy there. Sh, sh, sh. I know! Normally you'd be peeing all over the place when you get pushed after you come! That's why we put in a catheter. Just take it for a little while longer, it's going to make you squeeze out the last of that stuff, it's worth like twenty dollars an ounce, which is crazy, right? Maybe we'll get another eight or ten dollars out of you, that's—"

Gail was tied up too tightly for her to get loose, and she'd agreed to do what Jisi wanted, and it had been pretty good all the way through, but this was… it was too much. She gave Jisi an angry little headbutt to her chest, which made her stagger a little, but she stayed with her, holding her head as the nurse worked on her with that vibrator. She couldn't. She was going to cry, she was going to tell them to stop, she wanted to get away. It had felt good, impossibly good, but it was done, and she…

Finally, the thing pulled away. "Good job!" Jisi kissed Gail's ear. "Very good job! So strong and so determined."

As Jisi was talking, Twim pulled various devices, including the catheter, out of and off of Gail, and unbuckled the straps on the chair. Then he tilted it to the side, and Gail crumpled… not to the floor. To something flat, and metal, and a little wobbly. It was a sort of industrial dolly, like they'd have in like, warehouses, to move pallets around. Jisi kept holding onto her head throughout.

"There you go!" said Twim. "Completely expressed, as per the contract! If they check her, she's not carrying any illicit substances, and she's ready to run the race of her life."

Gail tried to object to that. The most that she could manage was a weak little moan.

"Uh," said Jisi.

"Yes, yes, yes. She thinks she's tired now, but it's all in her head, really. Just a few minutes, and she'll be ready to run. Trust me!"

"Sure. Only it's just that—"

"Okay! Now, if you'll just roll her out the front gate, Scissors, I think that everyone will agree that at that point, she's not our responsibility anymore. I mean, that everything's fine, and that she's full of energy! Off you go."

Gail's arm had fallen off the dolly when they'd rolled her onto it, and she wasn't sufficiently full of energy to pick it back up. Jisi did it for her,

though, and then the nurse wheeled her out and dumped her on the front steps of Twim's clinic.

Could be that the stuff that Gail had carried around inside her was going to give her some sort of advantage in whatever race it was that Jisi had arranged. Could be that she was just going to lie there forever, trying to figure out how to breathe again. After coming like that, either way was good. It was pretty nice, lying there on the steps, with Jisi sitting snuggled up next to her, playing with her hair.

Could be that whatever was coming next was also going to be pretty nice. It usually was, with Jisi.

OceanofPDF.com

Other titles by Vanessa Cardui

Series:

The Goblin's Ponygirl

Jisi is a goblin. She's only about twice as big as a raccoon: an inconvenient size for someone who likes to fistfight raccoons. But what she lacks in height she makes up for in self-confidence, a penchant for exuberant chaos, and a diploma from a magical correspondence course (which she absolutely did not cheat on).

Jisi's co-worker Gail is a human. Like all humans, she's big, clumsy, and tragically unable to perform the slightest bit of magic. But she's just the right height for an enterprising correspondence-course wizard to take for a ride, in more ways than one.

Fan Domme

The Mind-Control Moonstone

When Kaitlyn Watson' best friend catches a weird nerdy girl named Wednesday making eyes at Kaitlyn from across the cafeteria and dares Kaitlyn to break her heart, Kaitlyn doesn't think twice. But Wednesday has her revenge. The moonstone necklace she gave Kaitlyn as a present turns out to have mysterious powers, and Kaitlyn finds that she's not in control of her body, as Wednesday makes her humiliate herself in public and love it.

Blackmailed & Bewitched

Kaitlyn Watson's best friend Jessie dared her to play a prank on Wednesday Newland—part-time witch and full-time nerd. The prank backfired, but what started with Wednesday punishing Kaitlyn by using mind control to publicly humiliate her ended with Kaitlyn and Wednesday dating. Kaitlyn is looking forward to being tied up, teased, and tortured some more, but Jessie is back, with blackmail videos.

A Test of Trust

Kaitlyn Watson messed up bad. An old high-school friend of hers took blackmail videos of her and her girlfriend, Wednesday Newland (part-time witch, full-time nerd, and all-around bedroom genius) and Kaitlyn didn't tell

Wednesday about it. The whole thing ended with Wednesday almost getting killed by an incubus (she got better). Kaitlyn knows she needs to be punished.

The Switch Strikes Back

Kaitlyn Watson loves it when her girlfriend Wednesday—part-time witch, full-time nerd, and all-around bedroom genius—ties her up, teases, and torments her. But lately Kaitlyn's been wondering what it would be like to be the one swinging the whip. And finally, Wednesday has decided that she trusts Kaitlyn enough to let her give it a try.

Summer School

Spending the summer with your girlfriend's family is a big step when your girlfriend's grandmother is a dead witch who cheats at Words With Friends. But Wednesday is going to her grandma's haunted house to learn magic, and Kaitlyn wants to help, whether that means drawing water from the well wearing nothing but sneakers, or being used as a guinea pig for Wednesday to practice her skills.

Freshman Five

Freshman Five contains the complete books 1-5 of the Fan Domme series, covering Kaitlyn and Wednesday's first year of college.

Kita's Adventures in Product Development

Quality Control

Kita can't afford a flat on her own, and Terra and Gerana aren't bad roommates, but there are disadvantages to living with a mad scientist and a mad entrepreneur. Like when they want her help testing their latest product: a mind-control collar. It turns out Gerana's spent a lot of time thinking about what she'd do to Kita with a mind-control collar. And it turns out Kita really likes it.

Limited Release

Terra is a mad scientist. Gerana is a mad entrepreneur. Kita is their happy pet and lab animal. Now they've come up with a new product: a belt designed to keep its wearer constantly on edge, without ever allowing her

release. After a couple days with her new toy, Kita is totally focused on pleasure, and eager to be trained to serve Gerana, Terra, and their prospective buyer in any way they want.

The Concubine Chronicles

Foreign Exchange

Liera—a foreigner in exotic Ralaath—doesn't know what's expected of her when her lover Lady Maash lends her to her friends. Luckily, Lady Jalah is an expert in the art of tormenting young ladies. Liera is decorated and restrained, kept in a constant state of pain and anticipation, as Jalah trains her to serve herself, her husband the Krin, and their friends.

Domestication

In Ralaath, it's common for a married couple to take a secondary wife, and Andera has her eye on the beautiful, charming Paathi Rais. But once Andera convinces Farren and Paathi to agree to a trial marriage, she's in for a surprise—Paathi has had the documents drawn up so that she will be the primary wife in the marriage, with Andera reduced to a secondary role.

Trial by Exposure

When Andera Rowe decided she wanted the beautiful, charming Paathi Rais as a third partner in her marriage, she wasn't expecting to become the secondary wife herself, subject to Paathi's every whim. She certainly wasn't expecting to love it. Now she has a choice to make: will she give up her independence forever—or give up Paathi and all the pleasures she's learned at her hands?

Tying the Knot

Andera Rowe's wedding day is coming up—the day when her position as Paathi Rais' secondary wife, bound to obey her in all things and kept completely at her mercy, will stop being a temporary arrangement. Andera will be put on public display and made available to all of Paathi's friends and servants. Before that, there's a month of torture, as Paathi teases Andera and denies her release.

The College Pet

Sold to the Mean Girls

Mari is broke and looking at a future of working at Walmart and living at her mom's house, until her friend Larissa makes her an offer: Jenn and Rafaela, the two richest girls from their old high school, want to buy her. Mari will get to live out her most twisted fantasies of humiliation, abuse, and being treated like a puppy.

Collections:

The Femdom Collection: 5 Complete Books

From a high society of wizards where vice lurks beneath a genteel surface, to a post-apocalyptic wasteland where men with psychic powers are kept as slaves, these are the stories of five powerful women—alchemists, airship mechanics, and warriors—who know how to get what they want from their men.

Standalones:

Hostage of the Risen Witch

Temis, a soldier in a war against an all-powerful archmage, falls captive to one of the archmage's minons, a witch recently raised from the dead among the ruins of her impossibly ancient civilization. As the isolation of the two women draws them closer together, the witch Sherav begins to teach Temis the secrets of her lost civilization—secrets of pain and pleasure, mastery and surrender.

The Thief Enthralled

Reffia is the bane of Mesil's existence: a talented thief, pushy, presumptuous... beautiful and tempting. But Mesil has always managed to resist that temptation—until Reffia insists Mesil make her a special pair of magical shoes that will allow Reffia to reach the enchanted city of Endaious Above. But such powerful magic commands a powerful price: Reffia will be Mesil's slave.

A Pitiless Logic

Chelle, a devilishly attractive and ruthlessly rational student, wants to know: did the unassuming housewife Reiah really proposition her on on her

husband's behalf, or was it because of Reiah’s own attraction? As Chelle insinuates herself ever deeper into Reiah’s life, she subjects Reiah to torture, humiliation, and unbearable pleasure in her quest to answer the riddle of Reiah’s truest desires.

Lane’s Lover

Lane wakes up the day after graduation with a useless degree, a pile of student loan debt, an hour and a half to vacate her dorm room, and no memory of the night before. Just as she’s starting to panic, in walks Vicky, an older woman with a magnetic air of self-confidence and the promise of a solution to all of Lane’s problems.

Taking One for the Team

Raven’s never seen play like when a barnstorming team comes to town. It’s her chance at the big leagues, and she jumps at it. Over the next season, Raven spends her post-game staked out in the playing field, getting to know her new teammates a lot better—especially a mute giant named Born. Big in more ways than one, but surprisingly gentle, Raven finds ways to communicate with Born that go deeper than words.

Solstice Spells

The summer solstice is a time for wizards to make acquaintances, engage in friendly banter with their peers, measure their skills, perhaps make an occasional wager. Naya isn't happy when her husband Reyal comes home with a red-headed sorceress he won on a bet—especially when she finds out that she's the one who'd have had to pay the price if Reyal had lost.

The Jewel Thief

Seren was never one for playing by the rules—she's a thief, and a good one. When a big heist and a botched getaway leave her with a fortune in Carephalan bloodstones and stranded in the isolated cottage of a taciturn woodsman named Rain, the first thing she does is steal his flitter and try to make it back to civilization. But when the flitter crashes, Rain is her only chance for survival. Naked, chained, and collared, Seren learns to play by Rain's rules.

OceanofPDF.com